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Follies of the Year.

BY

JOHN LEECH.



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VOLLIES OF THE YEAR

97545



By John Leech

A Series of Coloured Etchings from Punch's Pocket Books 1844-1864. With some Notes by Shirley Brooks.



BRADBURY, EVANS & CO, 11 BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

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741

Lee / Fol

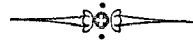
97545

GRATIFICATION at the idea of associating, however slightly, my own name with that of my dear friend JOHN LEECH, is my excuse for at once assenting to the suggestion that I should write "some notes" to accompany the following plates. But on taking pen in hand I perceived that I had undertaken a work of supererogation. It is useless to describe pictures that lie before a reader and tell their own tale at first-hand, and it is perhaps a little worse than useless to invite attention to merits which the public has appreciated so heartily that a scrap or a sketch of JOHN LEECH'S is almost as convertible as a bank-note. It seemed to me, therefore, that my best course was a very prosaic one. I have annexed as letter-press to these pictures from MR. PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOKS a very slight, gossiping chronology of the years in which the drawings respectively appeared, jottings—it might be—from one's private entries in those pocket-books themselves. The work is, of course, quite out of the jurisdiction of criticism; and if the memoranda should enable any of my younger friends to adjust a single drawing-room dispute without waking Paterfamilias from his after-dinner nap, I shall—if apprised of the fact—be perfectly contented.

S. B.

KENT TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

List of Plates.



FASHIONS FOR 1844.

FARMING FOR LADIES.

HYDE PARK AS IT WILL BE.

THE MATRIMONIAL TATTERSALL'S.

CONVERSAZIONE OF LADIES.

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

A SOCIAL SKETCH.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG

LADIES.

PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.

ALARMING PROSPECT.

TOPSY-TURVY.

A PRIZE-BABY SHOW.

THE QUIET STREET.

DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

A PIC-NIC IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

SWIMMING FOR LADIES.

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

A CROQUET MATCH.

SOME SEA-SIDE FASHIONS FOR 1863.

A RATHER FAST STEEPLE-CHASE.

4844

FASHIONS FOR 1844.

Fashions for 1844.



AH, YOUNG LADIES! What have you there?

(The following observations, which are totally uncalled for, are made by our friend Mr. Mangnall Pinnock, an elderly and exceedingly well-informed Bore and Twaddler, with a wonderful memory. The feeling prevalent among the party who are looking over the pictures is that they would much prefer not to be favoured with his annotations, but then, you see, he is a relative of the family, and rich.) Fashions for 1844. Dear me, how clever! An imitation, you perceive, of a tailor's picture of his various clients. I remember that style of dress, and really it is hardly caricatured. 1844, young ladies. Not many of you will admit that you were alive when that plate was published. I was a young man, a very young man, of course (*not so certain*), but I remember that the year was a busy one. We had visits from the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas of the Mild Eyes, you know, and poor Louis Philippe, and we fidgetted about an invasion, as we have done since. That year we were all so angry with Sir James Graham, for looking into our letters in the Post Office—how would you like it? *Orlando* won the Derby. Well, let me see—yes, there was a wonderful invention for blowing up ships, but it has come to nothing, like

most new-fangled things. But I'll tell you what marked that year, and I am sure that it will interest you to know it, ha! ha! The Polka came in, and we were all hopping about and pantomiming away, for it was an elaborate dance, I assure you, quite a carpet ballet, and it required a—good figure, and presence of mind to perform it before a room full of spectators. Dear me, how well I remember a lady in a green velvet dress, and grapes in her hair—but never mind that now. (*They do not, in the least.*) Then there was another feature—that was Tom Thumb, the idol of the ladies. I detest such things, but he was a great success, and queens made him presents, while Mr. Haydon, the painter, in the next room to the dwarf, was penniless. We had, moreover, a wonderful conjuror, Herr Döbler, in my mind much better than any we now have; but then your pert brother, Miss Rosa, calls me a *laudator temporis acti*, and I refer you to him for an explanation. Döbler was a very clever fellow—as Gay wrote about the Juggler who was challenged by Vice, and defeated:—

“The cards, obedient to his words,
Were by a fillip turned to birds,
His little boxes changed the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.”



Fashions for 1844.

4845

FARMING FOR LADIES.

Farming for Ladies.



THE YOUNG LADIES have turned over the page gladly, thinking that they shall be relieved from the infliction of our friend's wisdom. They never made a greater mistake.) Eh—ah! that's very pretty. Nice fat pigs, but don't you grudge them those ribbons—loves of ribbons, don't we call them? That was published in 1845? Just so. Observe the back-ground, how exceedingly clever it is. (*They can see it without his aid.*) Forty-five—that was the year of the Railway Mania, my dear young ladies, when everybody was scrambling for shares, and some very odd folks got money and went up in society. Mr. Thackeray's Jeames was one of them; I hope you know Jeames. Get the book, and laugh at Jeames, certainly. That year the Queen gave her Fancy Ball, and the great folks dressed up in splendid costumes of other days. Some political conversions were said to have been wrought by tickets to the ball, but perhaps that was scandal. *Merry Monarch* won the Derby. Then, I remember, we quarrelled as to whether Oliver Cromwell should have a statue in the Palace of Westminster, and—you think he ought not, eh? Because he was so ugly, and wore a hideous dress? Well, we won't contradict young

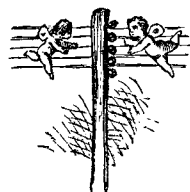
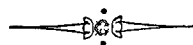
ladies—anyhow, he has not got a statue there, but he has one at the Crystal Palace, if not in the Parliament Palace. Then—yes, what do you think?—Covent Garden Theatre was turned into a bazaar, in behalf of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and the ladies who kept stalls abdicated because the shilling-day people were so rude. Did you ever read the Caudle Lectures? You must get them, such of you as intend to be married, if young ladies ever think of such a thing. They came out this year, as I remember (*slily*), for a reason which don't signify. This year Sir Robert Peel promised that the Income Tax should come off in three years, but I think that the time is up, and I'm sure that I pay the tax. (*Mamma privately wishes to know how much.*) There was a good deal of fun, too, about a certain Duke, who wrote to the papers advising poor people, when they were hungry, to take a pinch of curry powder, as it allayed the appetite: we had him in a burlesque,—a parody on part of Richard the Third—

“Write to the *Duke of Norfolk* instantly,
Tell him to come, and all his men to bring,
Nor stop to curry favour with the king.”

1846

HYDE PARK AS IT WILL BE.

Hyde Park as it will be.



HAT'S a hit at steam.—A great invention, steam, a very remarkable invention, though I really do not see that for travelling purposes it has done much good. I preferred the old coach, which used to go rattling through the towns, and which allowed you to see something of them. What do you know of England now? The top of one bank, and the bottom of one ditch, and the hole through one hill are just like the rest—see one, see all; and as for speed, nobody wants to travel like a rocket, besides the harm to the nerves. However, we have not got steam into Hyde Park yet, though that picture may do for the Prince of Wales, and a steam state-carriage, some day. That was in 1846, was it? Tell you what we set up in the Park that year, though, and it has never come down again, and that is the Statue of the Duke. What fun we had about that, and poor Sir Frederick Trench, who chiefly got it up. Sculptors, critics, journalists, caricaturists—all fired away at the monster, but all in vain: up it went, and there it is, and there it will be until some railway bores under the arch, and then down we go. That year we found out what trick King Louis Philippe had been cogitating over:

he secretly made a couple of Spanish marriages which he thought would establish his family, but next year France was a republic. *Pyrrhus the First* won the Derby. We had the cheap corn-measures given us that year, but that's not a thing to interest you; and you don't care to know about Oregon, or that Mr. Smith O'Brien was sent to the cellar of the House of Commons because he would not serve on a Committee. You know he turned outrageous rebel afterwards, and was taken prisoner in a cabbage-garden, and pardoned, and became a very sensible and worthy man: that's not interesting; but did you ever hear of Mademoiselle Taglioni? Now, pert lads may say what they like, but I know what I am talking about, and she was worth a thousand of anybody who has come since. She reminded me always of Tom Moore's lines—excuse my quoting—he wrote of Fanny Bias, but we'll put in the other name:—

“Taglioni in Flora, dear creature, you'd swear,
As her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.”

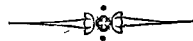


Hyde Park as it will be

4847

THE MATRIMONIAL TATTERSALL'S.

The Matrimonial Tattersall's.



ND now for 1847. That picture is more in our line, eh? Very hard on the ladies, isn't it? Pretty girl in the middle, charming. Forty-seven—that was the year in which we were all laid up with influenza, the most awful year I assure you; everybody was always sneezing. We could never reckon on half a party coming together; some men who were asked out a good deal actually had circulars engraved, saying that they were engaged to their doctor, to taste some samples of new draughts. This year the gold was discovered in California, and a tremendous sensation was caused, everybody wanted to be off to the diggings. The tailors introduced some yellow cloth, and I remember that our—a—these things—were called Californian trousers. The great Shakespeare night, at Covent Garden, was held, and all the great actors came and played portions of his pieces—we shall never see acting like that, I am quite certain. But there was a still greater attraction. That season Jenny Lind came, and I was in the pit when she made her *débüt*, as

“Alice,” in *Robert le Diable*. Then we had crushes if you like, and happy was the man who could afford to pay fifteen guineas for a little opera-box—it sped many a wooing to a happy end, or we'll hope it was happy. *Cossack* won the Derby. Chloroform came up, and parties were made to go to the hospitals and see painless operations; fact, I tell you. And then dear Louisa Nisbett, who had retired from the stage, came back, as Laman Blanchard prophesied, in some very pretty poetry some years before, that she would do; he said—

“Who weds a mere beauty dooms dozens to grieve;
Who marries an heiress leaves hundreds undone;
Who bears off an actress (she never took leave)
Deprives a whole city of rational fun.
But, farewell the glances and nods of St. Nisbett,
We list for her short, ringing laughter, in vain;
And yet, bereaved London, what think you of *this* bet?—
A hundred to one we shall see her again!”

4848

CONVERSAZIONE OF LADIES.

Conversazione of Ladies.



MY DEAR LADIES, here you have it all your own way! Except the Buttons, and the pet little dog, and the pictures of the Jeames and the officer, I see nothing of a masculine order. Horrid little creature with the tails, singing.

I detest juvenile precocity. This was 1848.

It was a very disturbed year, but I don't think that any of its events would much interest you. They spoiled the Quadrant, in Regent Street, which none of you recollect, I dare say, as a piazza, and not only very handsome, but a delightful shelter and refuge in wet weather. We have nothing of the kind in London now, except Covent Garden, and that is out of the bounds of civilization. How we abused the selfish Regent Street shopkeepers for their Vandalism—they wanted more light for their precious shops, and to be able to let their *entresols* better—to this day I exult when any of them come to grief. There were wars and rumours of wars. France had a regular upset of all things, and got rid of our artful friend, the King of the Cotton Umbrella, and tried a republic, and Cavaignac and Lamoricière

gave Paris a terrible lesson, with cannon balls. All was preparing the way for the coming Emperor. I think I remember getting into a row with Mrs. Mangnall this year for some remarks on an elastic expansive air-tubing which she and other ladies used to wear to make the dresses stick out—a sort of prototype of crinoline, if I may mention such a thing. *Surplice* won the Derby. Those Irish broke out into a fantastic rebellion, and Mr. Smith O'Brien was caught in the cabbage-garden, covered with slugs. And you may have heard of John Mitchell—he is still to be heard of in America. He had to run away from Limerick. Mr. Thackeray immortalized him in one of his best songs—about the Limerick tea-party which was attacked by the mob:—

“Then the lovely *tay* was spilt,
On that day of Oireland's guilt;
Cries Jack Mitchell, ‘Boys, I'm kilt!—where's the back door?—
’Tis a national disgrace,
Let me go and veil my face,’
Then he bolted, with quick pace, from the Shannon shore!”

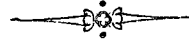


Conversazione of Ladies

4849

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

Higgledy-Piggledy.



DEAR ME, that illustrates what I was saying. Mr. Leech took the idea of general insurrection and socialism and all that, and made it the subject of this clever domestic picture—everybody is rebelling against the unfortunate master of the house. Look at those girls with Phrygian caps—the caps of Liberty. What a scramble! But what were we about—let me think—in 1849? Ah! there was the Punjaub business, and brave old Charley Napier went off to put down the mutiny: he told the officers that all the baggage they wanted was a piece of soap and a toothbrush. Our friend Louis Napoleon had become President, but he was keeping his army well in hand, in case there might be any forcible objections to his rule.* The Queen paid a visit to Ireland, and undid in a few days all that the treason-mongers had been doing for years. But some foolish folks made a noise at home, because the new florin, which was then issued, did not bear the initials of the Latin words meaning that she was the Defender of the Faith. Yes, you are right, the

letters were put on in the subsequent coinage, so the faith was made quite safe. And the Queen did a very kind and queenly thing this year. A person had been vilifying her and her family, and for a long time doing everything to annoy them: he was thrown into prison for debt contracted in that way—his wife petitioned the Queen, and Her Majesty ordered a most Christian letter to be returned, in which his offence was pointed out, and £180 was enclosed, to take him out of gaol and set him on his legs. *Flying Dutchman* won the Derby. A love of my youth re-appeared at the Opera, Madame Sontag, and she looked so well that we all believed a hoax had been practised, and that it must be her daughter whom we beheld. Meyerbeer's grand opera, the *Prophet*, came out at Covent Garden, and that was a musical event, if you like. I got some little credit by my own singing—

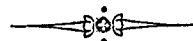
[Sings in a small voice.

“Beviam, e intorno giri
Il nettare spumante.”

4850

A SOCIAL SKETCH.

A Social Sketch.



HIS is the Communistic idea, and wonderfully worked out. Look at the black gentleman: he has evidently been paying his sable attentions to the young lady, and the white gentleman has forgotten all the true principles of brotherly love, and is giving it him hot. This 1850 was a busy year. A certain party managed to carry a resolution in Parliament condemning all Sunday labour in the Post Office. Government was determined to let them see what would follow, and obeyed. The country was at once plunged into confusion and rage. People could not hear of their sick relations, merchants did not get orders in time, bankers' business was deranged, and social discomfort was never greater, I think. The innovators were particularly glad to let things drop back, silently, into the old grooves. This year we were all alive, preparing for the First Great Exhibition, and the excitement about disfiguring the Park was excessive. Then the designs for the building were all so preposterous that it seemed at one time that Prince

Albert would not be able to carry out the scheme. Only, one day, Sir Joseph Paxton quietly produced a drawing, on a sheet of blotting-paper, and the thing was settled. Our fat friend the Hippopotamus arrived, and was quite the lion of the season—no, he shared that honour with another great Oriental, the Nepaulese Ambassador—a gentleman, my dears, whose character was a mixture of Richard the Third and any private person you like to name in Madame Tussaud's criminal collection, but he was made an idol of by the ladies, especially as he was said to be in the habit of presenting diamonds to any lady whom he thought handsome. This year *Voltigeur* won the Derby; and we had the dreadful disturbance about Papal aggression—and—I don't know whether any of you have what used to be called Puseyite proclivities, but about this time our friends of the Mock Turtle were rather in evidence, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold wrote:—

“They want to bring back John Bull to John Calf—but it won't do.”

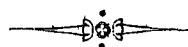


A Social Sketch: or, Everything in Common.

4854

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Preparatory School for Young Ladies.



ON'T some of you feel inclined to plead guilty to remembering something of 1851, The Great Exhibition Year? Fifteen years ago. Of course, you were perfect babies, but you have a dim recollection of a great glass house, and fountains, and statues, and organs. Ah! a great sight, my dears, and the last was nothing like it. The first was a Show, the second was a Shop. A great business. But, like everything else in London, we got tired of it, and of the eternal clack on the subject, and at last we had a test whether a dinner party had been agreeable or not—"was a single word said about the Exhibition?" There had been a great deal of discussion about the bad cookery in private families, and young ladies were urged to become good housewives, and to know something about the great Art that makes or spoils so much of the happiness of our lives. And there is a charming kitchen, and what a splendid *chef*—observe his attitude. This year we were, as I say, absorbed in the Great Show, but we had two or three other things to think about. In the winter Louis Napoleon suddenly

delivered his *coup*, and was made President for ten years. He soon became Emperor. But what concerned us more, though you may not understand why, was the discovery of gold in Australia. Your papas will tell you how much that had to do with our prosperity—not in the way, I dare say, you might have expected, in giving us golden fire-irons and coal scuttles, but in another and mysterious fashion which every gentleman thinks that he comprehends. *Teddington* won the Derby. We were signally defeated this year by the Americans: we all believed that the British Yacht was an unapproachable miracle—they sent one over which beat our whole squadron. And do you remember the picture of those Bloomers? They tried to set the fashion, but the milliner's despotism was too strong, and moreover the movement began at the wrong end of society. If a duchess had worn the costume, you would all be wearing it now, instead of trailing acres of costly material in London mud. Don't throw things at me—I retract.

"Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,

'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe."



Preparatory School for Young Ladies

4852

PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.

Progress of Bloomerism.



IN A! THERE the said costume is. I don't say that the old lady does not look ridiculous, but what's the matter with the young ones? The eye gets used to anything in a month; look at your ridiculous Empress-bonnets—however, I am in a helpless minority—I am dumb.

(They wish he was.) This was 1852. We had a good deal of politics at this time, and Lord Palmerston kept his friends in hot water; but you don't care about that, or to be told that Lord Derby came into power. But you will, I dare say, remember that this year we lost the Great Duke, and most of you may have seen his funeral in November. You have not seen his monument, I dare say, nor have I; but then we do things leisurely in England. Nelson has not been dead much more than sixty years, and his column is not complete, so that fifteen years or so is not to be considered anything like a delay. I don't seem to think that there was much this year in your way. *Daniel O'Rourke* won the Derby. There was the

Johanna Wagner excitement—the lady whose father frankly expounded the estimate which the Continent sets upon English patronage of music. “England is to be valued only for her money.” Do you know that the same feeling is widely spread over Europe, in spite of all our attempts to demonstrate that we are a musical people?—the answer is, “Where is your native school, and do you encourage your own composers?” Has any one of you ladies brought an English song in your black roll to-night? We shall hear. Crochet was all the rage this year, and everybody was dropping sixteen and carrying twenty-seven, and chain-stitching and looping, until one was tired of seeing those wretched little square blue and yellow books lying about. The schoolboys used to tease their sisters with all sorts of irreverent songs about it:

“Take up twenty-six,
Pass over ninety-two;
Put down six and carry four,
And let the rest walk.”

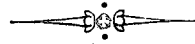


Progress of Bloomerism, or a Complete Change.

4853

ALARMING PROSPECT.

Alarming Prospect.



HERE, I told you so. Mr. Leech was not likely to miss such a subject. The gold has been discovered, and away go all the ladies to the diggings, despising the humble fortunes of resident lovers. Talking of lovers naturally reminds me of portraits; and this year, 1853, photography advanced to the dignity of a recognized institution. The Photographic Society was established. No less a man than our admirable Judge, Lord Chief Justice Pollock, is its head, and I dare say that when he looks down upon pert barristers, stolid jurors, sneaking witnesses, and depraved prisoners, he often sees specimens of a remarkable kind, and perhaps wishes that it would not be a little outside the dignity of a Judge to send for his camera, and catch the likenesses. An American Judge did so once, having an idea that a witness meant to bolt, and being determined that he should not escape—so the police were furnished with copies, the evidence was secured, and the culprit convicted. Our friend Mr. Gladstone was in office again this year, and promised that the Income Tax should come off in 1860, but

it didn't. We had a great military treat this summer, the camp at Chobham. Do any of you remember how capitally Leigh Murray played the officer, with Miss Mary Keeley, in Mr. Mark Lemon's little comedy about the camp? That was high-class acting, and I wish we had more like it. *West Australian* won the Derby. But this year we were very grave. We were drifting into what turned out a very dreadful war. The Russians had been led to believe that nothing would make us fight, for that we cared for nothing but our trade, and therefore they supposed that they might do as they pleased, you see, with Turkey. A great many well-meaning, but short-sighted, people helped to keep up this delusion, and it cost us a fearful expenditure of lives and money. That's gone and past, and I hope that we have seen the last of our fights, for I agree with Mr. Cowper:—

“War's a game that, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

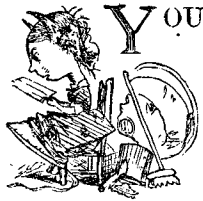
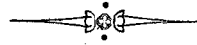


Alarming Prospect The Single Ladies off to the Diggings.

4854

TOPSY-TURVY.

Topsy-turvy.



YOU SEE that some of the people who went out to the diggings did not improve their social position. Brute strength was master out there, and all else had to submit. Look at the pretty girl trying to teach the notes to that coarse old she-digger, with the black eye, and the other lady, without shoes and stockings, carrying liquor to the brutes at the table. But we had not much thought for the Antipodes this year, 1854. We had got into the Crimean War. The Queen reviewed the Baltic Fleet early in March, and a glorious sight it was. The most striking sight was when, at the signal gun, the whole line, "heaving many a mile," was suddenly enveloped in white smoke, and a long cloud was all that could be seen instead of the stately ships. The scene paid me for the awful bore of going down to Portsmouth, and the worse bore of coming up. Then war was declared against Russia, and from that time and for some years, all our thoughts were military. We had a fast-day at the beginning of the struggle, and then we waited to hear news of the first blow. It soon came, for this was the year of the Alma, of the charge of the Six Hundred, and of the Soldiers' Battle, Inkermann.

But we had some pleasanter passages in the year's history. *Andover* won the Derby. The people around Hyde Park would not hear of the Exhibition building remaining there, and they were quite right; but England had become so attached to the new style of glass architecture, and, to the comfort of a winter garden, that it was resolved to reproduce the building with all kinds of fresh features. There was an attempt to have it nearer London than Sydenham, but this failed, and under Sir Joseph Paxton's direction the Crystal Palace arose. Its name was given by Mr. Punch. The building was opened with great splendour, in June, by the Queen, and the Archbishop delivered a prayer; and if you say that rope-walking, and mummers, and Ethiopian serenaders, and fireworks, are not quite amusements of the class that was originally intended, when the Queen and the Archbishop were there, I don't know what answer to make, except that there are much better things there for those who have refined tastes. And it is a comfort for middle-aged gentlemen, who are tired of travelling, to be able to stroll in and quietly

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

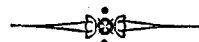


Topsy Turvey, — or, our Antipodes.

4855

A PRIZE-BABY SHOW.

A Prize-Baby Show.



ALL OF YOU think that cut particularly charming, I dare say. As a work of art it is, but—I can't help it—babies don't delight me. It is not that I dislike them particularly—they are ugly enough—all young animals are ugly—but that I am positively afraid of them. Notice, however, the bit of grim teaching at the extreme right of the picture—the stunted little wretch dragged up as too many thousands are, I fear. I fancy that there had been Baby Shows (an abominable American invention) in the previous year, but Leech could turn everything "to favour and to prettiness." 1855—yes, the war was proceeding, and there was great dissatisfaction at home. It was said that the Ministry were without vigour, and that the war was starved. So in February, Lord Palmerston was called in, and his energy gave new life to the army. In March the great enemy, Nicholas, was struck down, and it was instantly felt that peace was possible. But there was stern work to be done first. The grand attack on Sebastopol was made in September, and the Malakoff and Redans became words never to be forgotten in English history. The Russians gave up the game, and about six months later we proclaimed peace. This is a grave subject to talk about, but since you are so good as to listen to my

recollections, I could not well leave it out. However, now for lighter matters. *Wild Dayrell* won the Derby. There was a great endeavour this year to make the people keep Sunday in what is called the Sabbatarian style, and it caused a vast excitement class was set against class, and people who had nothing to do with the proposed folly were ill-treated because they belonged to the superior orders. Upon my word this has not been a very lively year to talk about, and it does not lighten the story much to tell you that this was the year in which old Father Thames became absolutely intolerable as a perfumer. His purification became essential, but it was ten years later before any great thing in that way was completed; and though I hear of fish being found lower down than ever, we have not had a vision like that beheld by a certain poet who, in a parody of Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, declared that

"The wave it was as crystal bright
You saw white sand below,
And flounders, gudgeon, roach, and dace
Shot fitting to and fro.
The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,
The whitebait glanced like gems;
In short, all kinds of finny fowl
Were swimming in the Thames."



A Prize Baby Show. Materfamilias rewarding a successful Candidate.

4856

THE QUIET STREET.

The Quiet Street.



HATS a subject on which I shall get no sympathy. You young ladies are very merciless in this respect, and you send out sixpences to those brown, grinning, insolent fellows, and encourage them to annoy quiet folks. I can't help being warm about it, I feel it a grievance. If you only knew what bad fellows they are—many of them spies—you would not give them money. Haven't you got your own pianofortes, and can't you go to the opera almost when you like? Let them go and play in the courts and alleys, but they ought not to be allowed to grind out the nerves of people who hate them. I am better, thank you. This year, 1856, we had the Peace Fireworks, and though they were miserably inferior to those in Paris, some of the grand flights were fine. The officers all came home, with their Crimean beards, and ever since it has been the fashion for every snob to let his face be covered all over with hair—I hate the fashion, for it makes everybody look like everybody else. Covent Garden Theatre was burned down, after a low masquerade, and the sight of the ruins made me melancholy for about ten minutes, I remember. We shall never look

again upon such——never mind. This year crinoline fully asserted itself as the regular national costume, and it has held its own ever since, because the dress is the most expensive that can be devised, and we are all the slaves of trades-persons whose interest it is to sell dear things. Why don't you ladies adopt a simple black, as we do, and wear it always, then there would be no fear of going out twice in the same garment, and you would save hundreds, which you could spend in travelling or sea-side sojourns? Not you. Let me see, *Ellington* won the Derby. *Hiawatha* came out this year, and the novelty of the rhythm made it talked about, to say nothing of the beauty of much of the poetry. But the great poets of the year were the makers of American ballads, which were sung by actresses. Do any of you recollect them at the Adelphi? Mrs. Barney Williams was most brilliant in this line.

“The lobster in the lobster pot,
The blue fish wriggling on the hook,
May suffer *some*, but O no not
The pangs I feel for my Mary Anne!
Bobbing all around.”



The Quiet Street - A Sketch from a Study Window.

4857

DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

Dressing for the Ball.



HAT'S a charming glimpse at the Mysteries, I'm sure. The old hag by the toilette table is your real ruler, ladies, and I wish you joy of her. This year, 1857, was one of trouble and of tragedy. We had a Chinese war, and an Indian mutiny; but we got through them.

The Americans had just done us a very good turn. Just before the year began, one of our Arctic ships, the *Resolute*, which had been abandoned by us, was recovered by an American vessel, refitted over the water, and presented to us in the most graceful manner. So we were drinking all kinds of good wishes, at the festive season, to our cousins; and I think that we might as well remember this and many similar things, instead of offences, which should be forgiven and forgotten on both sides. That's a Christmas sentiment, isn't it? We had philosophical discussions this year about the moon's movements, and whether she turns round and round;—I forget which way the question was settled. What concerned us almost as nearly, was Sir Rowland Hill's new subdivision of London into districts, and our all having to learn the bearings, and to know E.C. from S.W. I believe that a great many people have not quite mastered the lesson yet, but we must not be hard

upon stupidity, unless it be wilful. *Blink Bonny* won the Derby. Fearful exposures were made of the ways in which respectable tradesmen adulterate the articles which they sell, and of the mischief caused by bad milk, bad beer, bad drugs, bad pickles, and bad butter. But the system is still pretty much what it was before Dr. Arthur Hassall made his appalling exposures. Dr. Faraday gave the famous lecture upon the Conservation of Forces, which I will not explain to you now, unless you very particularly wish it, but the address excited a great sensation in the scientific world. Then we had some fighting in the musical world, Mr. Sims Reeves having made a gallant stand against the unfair and dishonest practice of obtaining by *encores* twice the quantity of music you had paid for;—sensible folks supported Mr. Reeves, but divers foolish persons clamoured for their alleged right to dictate to an artist as no one would presume to dictate to a tradesman. This June we had the Handel Commemoration, which has since become a Festival, and a fine sight it is. Of course you know what Pope wrote on Handel?—

“Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus with a hundred hands:
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.”



Dressing for the Ball in 1857.

4858

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

A Substitute for the Sea-side.



THE SERPENTINE is better than it was, but we have not yet come to the Silver Age which the artist has imagined. All in good time. This year, 1858, Lord Palmerston lost office, in consequence of the attempt to make it easier to get at folks who intrigue in England against foreign Governments. So the French called our poor little island a Nest of Assassins. However, the eggs have been addled, if there have been any. Lord Derby came in again, and made the then King of the Two Sicilies—since discrowned—pay £3000 for ill-treating two English Engineers. This was the year of the glorious Comet, Donati's, which blazed so splendidly, and which, had it been five days earlier, would, some of the astronomers said, have run into the planet Venus. Mr. Rarey, an American, came, and tried to revolutionize our system of treating horses, by proving that we may make a horse do anything, by gentleness. The experiments were satisfactory, but the lessons began at the wrong end—the first thing must be to humanize the brutal class to which the most sensitive of quadrupeds is consigned. *Beadsman* won the Derby. This was the year of the great aristocratic fête at Cremorne, when Jupiter Pluvius

(excuse the classical allusion) came down in a deluge on the fête-makers. Our Sovereign was proclaimed the Queen of India, and I do not know why Q. I. or R. I. is not put upon the coins. Then one subject was ventilated, to use Mr. Disraeli's word, and you will all be interested in it. The great question was raised "Why don't young men marry?" The answer was, that a gentleman with limited means cannot afford to wed a young lady (even if her mamma would let her have him) who has been brought up with a taste for all the luxuries. Young ladies wrote to the papers, or letters were written for them, stating that they had *no* taste for luxuries, and were quite ready to fight the battle of life on small incomes, with good husbands. Estimates were made, and gentlemen seemed to arrive at the conclusion that as you can't support a lady properly with less than six or seven hundred *per annum*, those who have less had better stick to their Club—and a good many do. But the remedy is in your own hands, you know.

"In Saint John's umbrageous wood
Love and Rosa now are mine,—
She, a model wife and good,
Never cares for dressing fine:
Keeps me from all trouble clear
On three hundred pounds a year."

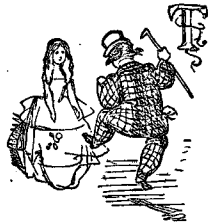
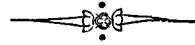


A substitute for the Sea Lion, or the Serpentine as it might be

4859

A PIC-NIC IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

A Pic-Nic in the Drawing Room.



THAT is something like the way in which a play of Shakspeare's (or was it Lord Bacon's) was got up at the Haymarket—the names of the supposed scenes were affixed on the flats, and you used your imagination. I should go a little further than the people in the picture. I like to sit in a chair when I eat my dinner—but what is a bore to us middle-aged folks is fun to you. This year, 1859, the Iron-plate armour for ships was adopted. Lord Derby gave us a Reform bill, the House of Commons would not have it, and he went out, being succeeded by Lord Palmerston, who never went out any more. Our cookery again troubled us, and Mr. Money took great pains to infuse a few right principles into us, and to give us some ideas of refinement—the dinner *à la Russe* I take to have become an institution through that gentleman's endeavours. But I doubt whether even yet he has satisfied his mind as to the right thing to take with cheese—a glass of very dry champagne I imagine he may consider the least objectionable liquid for the purpose, but not the one thing wanting. This was the year of the Burns Festival, when Miss Isa Craig carried off the prize from a crowd of candidates,

and Mr. Phelps delivered her ode at the Crystal Palace. The operatic managers were fighting for Graziani, and the Talking Fish was also a popular vocalist. *Musjid* won the Derby. The anti-Puseyite disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East raged this year, and were a great scandal to both sides; I don't know which is worse, mummery or mob religion. This was a good year for Italy. France fought Austria, and the end was the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, which has just made Florence the new capital, and seated an Italian Parliament in the city of Dante. Gallant explorers were sent out by Lady Franklin, in 1857, and this year they came back, bringing final news of the fate of her brave husband, and many melancholy relics. It was now that the Prince of Wales became an Oxonian. But the great feature of the time was the creation of the Volunteer Force, which, apart from its being invaluable as a defence, has done more good to my friends the young fellows (and some of the older ones) than anything else in the world could do.

“ They march with firm footstep, as soldiers should tread,
With the heart where a soldier's should be;
And each with the weapon, of weapons most dread,
Most dread in the hands of the Free.”



A Pic-nic in the Drawing Room—a capital thing for a Wet Day

4860

SWIMMING FOR LADIES.

Swimming for Ladies.



ON MY WORD! A Chapter of the Bath—charming, truly charming. I hope that you will take Mr. Leech's hint, and learn the delightful and salutary art. I really think that, now we have come into the Sixties, I might leave off telling you my recollections, for you must all remember the times in question as well as I can. However, let us compare notes. This year, 1860, our friend the Emperor wrote that celebrated letter, in which he said, "Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe it. Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other." We held our Volunteer Review in the Park, and the Queen met twenty thousand armed freemen, chiefly of the middle class. This was the year of the fine eclipse, and we all saw it well, as it had been fixed for a convenient hour in the day, and one when the sun usually shines. (*Laughter.*) The Prince of Wales went to America, and you know how heartily he was welcomed by our Yankee cousins. This year Garibaldi drove the King of the two Sicilies from Naples, and presented it to the King of Italy, but refused all reward for himself, and withdrew to

Caprera. Your present Premier endeavoured to pass a Reform Bill, but it did not please people, and it dropped through. *Thormanby* won the Derby. Were any of you at the Volunteer Ball, in Covent Garden? If so, you will hardly want to be reminded of it, especially if you lost any ear-rings, bracelets, fans, mantles, or shoes;—most ladies did something in that way, I believe;—it was an awful scramble. And then—I don't know that we ought to mention such things, but certainly the ladies took an odd kind of interest in the matter, and he's gone now, and will fight no more—but in April Mr. Sayers fought Mr. Heenan, and after being tumbled about like a bundle of old clothes, suddenly awoke to the fitness of things, and demolished his enemy. Then there was that excessively ridiculous but not excessively harmless imposition, Spirit Rapping—we heard a good deal about that, and people who ought to have known better lent their patronage to the vulgarest quacks outside the House of Correction. But I suppose it's all human nature.

"And e'en the wisest and the hardiest quail
At any goblin throned behind a veil."

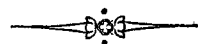


Swimming for Ladies

4864

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Volunteer Mobement.



BEHOLD the gallant volunteer in a new aspect
If I were a young man I should like nothing better than to encounter the dangers of war by the side of that darling creature emerging from the tent. Delightful! Well, who remembers the events of 1861? The American troubles began, and South Carolina, which has just come back into the Union, was foremost in secession. We might have got into hot water with America, because of the two Southerners being taken out of the Trent, but American sense of justice triumphed. Then began another of the frightful stories we have had to tell, but happily it is all over now. I mean, of course, the American war. Then we were all expected to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was coming up for final settlement. I never pretended to know anything about it.

How were we amusing ourselves? We had Blondin, who brought everybody, high and low, to see him walk along a rope two hundred feet from the ground. The New Horticultural Gardens, at Brompton as I call and mean to call the place, was opened, and a very good name was given to them—Arcadia. The

Gorilla question came up, and M. Du Chaillu set us all speculating whether our pedigrees were as lofty as we had chosen to believe. He has just come back from Africa again, after a new tour full of adventures and dangers. Mr. Gorilla was the lion of the year. *Kettledrum* won the Derby. The Turkish Bath became generally popular, and people boiled themselves without the least consideration whether boiling was good for them—but it is a tempting luxury, only it makes such a hole in your afternoon. The literary event of the year was the pension which Lord Palmerston granted to the curious person calling himself the Poet Close; out of regard to the proprieties it was found necessary to take it away from the poor doggel-maker, much to his indignation. Our friend Lord John Russell was rewarded for his long political services with the Coronet of a Peer of the Realm. Tom Moore, years before, had done him better service in a poem.

“Like the boughs of the laurel, by Delphi’s decree
Set apart for the Fane, and its service divine,
So the branches that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.”



Volunteer Movement—Jones & Family go under canvas.

4862

A CROQUET MATCH.

A Croquet Match.



MY NOTION is that Cupid and the Parson make a bit that looks like a cut from old Quarles' Emblems, a book I dare say you never heard of, but a book of a very curious character, and full of quaint thoughts. This is 1862. We had our second Great Exhibition, and to those who had not seen the glories of the first temple, those of the second were highly satisfactory. The Prince of Wales went to Egypt, and mounted the Great Pyramid. He was engaged, too, in a much more delightful pursuit, at the same time, if the Court gossips were well informed. Iron-clad ships had now become an institution. Then there occurred the death of a once great newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, which had been going ever since 1769, and had been very famous for its fights and libels and boldness, and which made a gallant struggle to regain its glories, by taking High Church into partnership with Free Trade. *Caractacus* won the Derby. The practice of announcing "No Cards" at the end of the marriage advertisements became very popular, but I dare

say that you all agree with me that the new system has its disadvantages. When everybody sent cards, and anybody did not receive them, he knew that he *had* received a civil hint that he was done with—now, every acquaintance has a right to suppose that the married folks wish to know him, and the disabusing process is unpleasant. The beautiful new bridge at Westminster was opened. It is harder to remember things that happened three years ago than much older stories—I recollect nothing else, except that our dear friend Lord Dundreary was the unrivalled lion of the day, and everybody was asking idiotic riddles in his lordship's style. As good as any of the outside imitations of him, was the speech he makes in one of Mr. Punch's pictures—

"Another letter from my brother Sam, and I tell you what, Georgina, if I had known you had such a beast of a brother-in-law, I would not have married you."

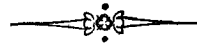


A Croquet Match.

4863

SOME SEA-SIDE FASHIONS FOR 1863.

Some Sea-side Fashions for 1863.



IF YOU will contrast that bold, free, effective picture with the first in the series, you will see what wonderful skill the artist's hand had acquired in the interval between the two performances. You can contrast, also, with the splendid extravagance of the costumes of 1863, the highly proper speech which the Empress Eugenie is reported to have made the other day on the subject of garments. "Last winter I strove by my example to correct this pernicious tone of feeling by the marked simplicity of my own dress, and this winter I intend to renew the lesson." But there is something to be considered as extravagance besides the character of a dress, if I may venture to touch on such a theme. Half-a-dozen simple dresses in one day, and not to be worn on a second, make a sum not to be solved by simple arithmetic. The famous South African Bishop, Dr. Colenso, fluttered clerical Volscians, like an eagle in a dove-cot, to quote my friend John Kemble, and the flutter has not subsided, though the eagle has flown over to Natal. *Macaroni* won the Derby. I hinted that when the Prince was pyramidising he had other things in his thoughts, and this year, you remember, he married

the charming Lady from Denmark, to whom we all swore instant allegiance, and many of us addressed most unpardonable poetry—of course the Laureate did his work befittingly. England took geographical honours, for Speke and Grant discovered the source of the Nile, and now Mr. Baker has arrived to confirm their testimony. We had not had a new opera that anybody cared much about, since the *Prophet*, but this year we were introduced to *Faust*, and M. Gounod immediately took London by storm. We were told that Lord Westbury had been fortunate enough to become the proprietor of a house in which there was a real and indisputable ghost, but I do not think that anything more was heard of the Grey Woman whom he was said to have purchased among the other fixtures. However, we had Pepper's Ghosts for the Million. I began a Ghost Poem once, but frightened myself so awfully that I ran out of the room at the end of the first verse. It was this :—

" 'Dread things shall come to thee to-night,'
The shuddering sorceress made reply;
'And eyes that gleam with lurid light,
Shall lour and stare thy pillow nigh.'"



Some Sea-side Fashions for 1863.

4864

A RATHER FAST STEEPLE-CHASE.

A Rather Fast Steeple-Chase.



DASHING, indeed, and, I am sorry to see, the last of the series. A young lady's education would be about complete if she adopted the curriculum proposed in this collection. She would be able to farm, cook, nurse, dress, flirt, swim, play croquet, ride, and select an eligible husband. Quite a Manual for the Fair Sex, as you used to be called in my time. Well, 1864. This was only the other day, but I declare I hardly know what we were about. There was Garibaldi's visit, and then his sudden departure, about which there was so much mystery. There was the Shakspeare Celebration, and the planting of the Primrose Hill tree, which seems to be thriving. The Confederate ship, the Alabama, was sunk off Cherbourg, by the Federals—we have not had a sea-fight so near us for many a day. We had a little earthquake at Lewes, but it was like one which Horace Walpole says that George Selwyn described as so tame that you might have stroked it. *Blair Athol* won the Derby. And we took Father Thames in hand, in earnest; the splendid Embankment was really begun, and posterity will applaud it, if some railway does not seize it for a line. Lord Derby published his noble translation of Homer, and was much applauded, but rhyme is so much more

pleasant to most ears than blank verse, that I do not believe Mr. Pope will ever be dethroned. However, the great Scottish champion, Blackie, is going to fight him with his own weapons, I hear. I think we ought to remember that this year the city elected a Lord Mayor of abstinence principles, but Guildhall has not fallen; on the contrary, it has been splendidly restored and decorated. Garrick's Villa, on the Thames at Hampton, was sold, and its curious contents were scattered—the very chairs in which he seated the great folks of his day—Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, nay, the serene Hannah More herself. I believe the place was bought by a person of the tailoring persuasion. "To what base uses may we return, Horatio," Garrick would have said to Horace Walpole.

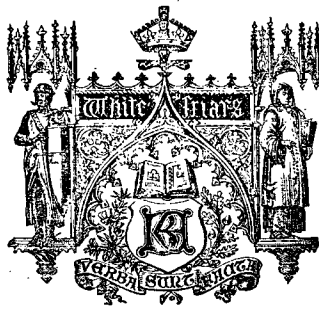
There, my dear young ladies, we are at the end of the chapter, and it has been very kind of you to listen to a middle-aged gentleman's garrulities. But you know that

"The mind's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made."

(*The group disperses, much relieved.*)



A Rather Fast Steeple Chase



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